

THE HERMIT OF THE ALPS.

PART IV.

Beneath the silver moonbeam's silent eye,
That view'd with peerless light the tranquil sky,
The mellow landscape and the morning ray,
Gherardo, Friedenfeld and Bertha lay,
Breathing the freshness of the dewy air,
Where the green sward had spread its silken hair,
And the pine tree waved its sighing head,
In lamentation o'er the newly dead.
Not far, the wreathing smoke and glowing spark,
The smouldering ruins of the cottage mark.
Anselmo and the bandits gathered 'round,
To close the eye or heal the bleeding wound,
Where, the pale victims of that night's emprise,
Looked languid'y for comfort to the skies.
Beautiful and still as the ocean's face.
Where tempests gone, imprint that soothing grace
Which settled skies o'er troubled waters make,
As wearied waves in dying ripples break,
Lulling the torture of the agoniz'd deep,
To sullen calmness and motionless sleep:
Such grief and joy, fierce wrath and love between,
The aspect of that passion quelling scene.
Bertha, whose kind and hope-inspiring look,
All sense of anguish from her lover took,
The sympathies of joy, and glad surprise,
Beaming with love and pity in her eyes,